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THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND
LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1821. No. 3.

A SERMON

Delivered before the brethren of St. Andrew's Lodge No 17, at Cynthiana Ky on the 25th of June 1821, being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist; by the Rev. JOHN WARD, of the Episcopal Church.

(Published at the request of the Lodge.)

LUKE, CHAP. 3D, 5TH VERSE.

"Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth."

I STAND before you, my respected brethren, impressed with a due sense of my inability to satisfy the laudable wishes and solicitous expectations of the members of a society, venerable from its antiquity, highly respectable from its accumulated mass of general intelligence, and peculiarly interesting to the enlightened, the candid, and the humane, from the elevated sentiments and principles which it maintains and exemplifies, to the divine glory, the honour of our privileged nature, and the melioration of human sufferings.

Of those secret springs, which produce such noble and beneficial results, in whatever part of our habitable globe masons are to be found, I am entirely ignorant. The beauty and significancy of the various emblems which distinguish your order from all others, which exalt your feelings and sentiments in view of the Grand Architect of the universe, I am unqualified to describe. Hence much of the interest, usually taken by those, who have been accustomed to investigate, to ponder, and admire, must ex-

the present occasion be lost. But, notwithstanding the manifest disadvantages under which I appear before you, it is a source of much confidence and satisfaction, that whatever may be my deficiency, that mantle of charity, that "clothing of wrought gold," which you keep in constant readiness, which you so highly value, and so often employ, will be promptly laid upon the defects and errors of my present address. In building the temple of masonry, the solid fabric of virtue, which is the ornament and happiness of moral beings, you not only have proper materials furnished to your hands, but, also, skill derived from the intelligent, the laborious, and the experienced, to put them together for comeliness, grandeur, and permanency. You have apprentices to hew and to smooth. You have Masters to square, to polish, to arrange, till the work is brought to perfection. As you have not a master of your craft to aid your contemplations at this time, suffer one, who is responsibly engaged in the momentous work of adorning temples to the honor of him whom you reverence and adore, even temples for the residence of the immaculate spirit to inhabit forever, to bespeak your serious and candid attention to a number of observations, which he believes of vital importance to all in this house, whether they are members of the masonic fraternity, or whether, through the consecrated way, they are earnestly seeking for glory, honor, and immortal felicity, in that celestial city, "which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Masons as such, and as disciples of Christ Jesus the Saviour of the world, unite this day, with a large portion of Christendom, in commemorating the nativity and exemplary life of John the Baptist, who was ordained, by the wisdom of providence, to precede and make ready the way, by the preaching of repentance, for the ministry of our incarnate and adorable Saviour, who, for us men and our salvation, emptied himself of his essential glory, submitted to the deepest humiliation, and offered his precious life a vicarious sacrifice upon the painful, the ignominious tree.

The conception of St. John was truly wonderful. It remarkably evinced to the astonished few, what the celestial messenger declared to the mother of our Lord, "that nothing is impossible with God." It demonstrated to the world, that he, who works according to the adorable counsels of his own will, can make

the laws of nature yield to his sovereign mandate, and aid in the accomplishment of his blessed purposes of love and mercy to men.

Sanctified, and separated from the womb, to become a burning and a shining light to many, who sat in darkness and in the shadow of spiritual death, He, whose words are faithful and true, declared that, "among them who are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Under antecedent dispensations, many eminent persons had appeared, successively, to instruct, enlighten, and reform mankind; but, at the opening of the evangelical dispensation, the grace of God was more abundantly imparted to the ministers of his paternal goodness.

In dignity of office and in spiritual discernment, the Baptist stood far before the Patriarchs and Prophets. It had been the anxious desire of those privileged persons, who saw the promises at a distance, to see and hear those things, of which now, in the fullness of time, the forerunner of our incarnate Redeemer was the astonished witness. But this could not be granted them, consistently with that mysterious plan of heaven into which the glorious intelligences of its sublime courts desire to look, but cannot pry.

They pointed to him as an object at a distance, and of uncertain approach, but he, knowing that Immanuel was present upon the theatre of his stupendous exertions, pointed the public to him, with the emphatic exclamation, "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." With sufficient reason, my brethren, might those, who witnessed the wonders which attended the birth of him whose holy and exemplary life we this day commemorate, say to each other in the language of astonishment, "Behold what manner of child shall this be?" He was indeed a peculiar child; and he was a wonderful man! He was destined, sent, and upheld by an irresistible arm, to announce the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings, upon a blind, a wayward, and a perishing race of accountable beings. In holy contemplations,—in abstinence from those unsubstantial gratifications which charm, delight, and captivate all sexes, and ages, and conditions,—the appointed messenger of heaven's unconquerable beneficence to our unworthy race passed his days,

till the period of his manifestation unto Israel. His raiment was of camel's hair, coarse and uncomely, and his customary food was locusts and wild honey, such as luxury loathes. Pure was his life: devout and holy were his daily contemplations. He surveyed the stupendous works of the Creator around him, with a master's eye, and admired the skill of the Infinite Architect. But principally, and with all the assembled powers of his mind, he contemplated that spiritual work, about to commence with more full and perfect manifestation, under the care and agency of him, who came to create the moral world anew. He viewed the mighty fabric of our redemption, in its height and depth, and length and breadth, as resting upon a corner stone, elect and precious; as composed of materials transcendantly beautiful and imperishable. He knew that the material system, so expansive, so complicated, so perfect in all its parts, would one day be dissolved and fall into ruins, while the system of grace, the spiritual work of omnipotent love, would remain forever, splendid and ineffably glorious.

The contemplations of this wonderful man upon the prospect of his earthly pilgrimage, could present nothing to a mind, less devoted and sincere, but trials and sufferings. He was obliged to address himself to a generation luxurious and effeminate, puffed up with spiritual pride—bigotted and hypocritical, utterly averse to penitence and the virtues of a regenerate life. When he entered upon the arduous duties of his sacred office, there were none of those things, which usually animate to popular eloquence. There were no plaudits of a learned and honourable audience to excite ambition. In the wilderness, or thinly inhabited country, by the side of a bubbling stream, did this holy man address himself, in earnest and solemn exhortation, to those whom, either a sense of their demerits in the sight of heaven, or eager curiosity, had brought together. He called upon them, without exception, to flee from the wrath to come, by doing works meet for repentance. Of those who manifested contrition, on account of their past transgressions, he required submission to the significant rite of baptism, by which they made a public acknowledgement of their need of spiritual washing. Our time

will not allow me to mention all the particulars of the baptist's preaching and doctrine.

In no instance did he preach himself, or seek his own glory. There was one at hand, whose way he was sent to prepare, before whom he felt himself as a servant. When his Master appeared, though meek and lowly in heart and demeanour, the Baptist knew him, and, by a divine impulse, exclaimed to the surrounding multitude, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." As if he had declared, I am nothing but an imperfect mortal, who declare unto you the spiritual truths, which have been committed to me for your instruction in righteousness; but behold, before you, the true paschal Lamb, the propitiatory sacrifice, which alone can remove the guilt and penalty of sin.

From the time that our blessed Lord attended upon the preaching of his faithful delegate, the Baptist persevered in declaring his own inferiority, and assured the people of his utter unworthiness, even to perform for him the most menial service. Filled and impressed with this becoming humility, and convinced that his temporary fame, as an inspired teacher of righteousness, would be lost in the blaze of a more perfect light, this excellent instrument of good to immortal souls, modestly retired from public view to meet with patient resignation the bitter persecutions which awaited him. When occasion offered and duty required him to speak the words of truth and soberness, he promptly stood forth, uninfluenced by greatness, and unawed by power. He proclaimed the impending and tremendous wrath of heaven against those, who, elevated to rank and authority, dared to violate its sacred will. For this dauntless and unwavering fidelity he was cast into prison by the injustice of persons, who, so far from being offended at his message, ought to have trembled for their souls, and repented in sackcloth and ashes.

Thus restrained from addressing himself to the multitude, who regarded him as a prophet of the Most High, the holy man possessed his soul in patience, and supported himself by the reflection that the most glorious and triumphant effects would result from the ministry of that unrivalled Teacher, before whom he had been sent to prepare the way. How would his privations

and afflictions be alleviated, in view of that glory to God and good will to men, which would result from the benevolent exertions of the glorious Prince of salvation? Upon this "God with us," the eye of his mind was constantly fixed! To his unrivalled dignity, power, and grace, he gave daily and ample testimony from the gloomy and solitary abode of his confinement. Then true to the noble, but arduous cause which he had espoused, and looking for that final enlargement, which leaves the immortal spirit free to range in the boundless domains of a blessed eternity, the holy Baptist, the prisoner of Jesus Christ, calmly waited for the bloody catastrophe, which was to terminate his labours and his woes. The catastrophe did not linger. Wounded pride and stubborn guilt, fostered by deceitful pleasure the bane of human honor and repose, clamoured with restless importunity for the lingering moment of ample vengeance. An intelligent and well informed audience must be acquainted with the circumstances of that disgraceful scene, which led precipitately to the death of an excellent and innocent man.

But he fell in a good cause, lamented and honoured by all who knew his worth. I am not surprised, my brethren, that you, of the masonic fraternity, who profess to admire sublimity in character, as well as in the works of nature, providence, and grace, should commemorate the virtues of a man, who exhibited so many finished patterns, for the imitation and benefit of your sublime order. The aims of genuine masons, according to their own declarations, are elevated and worthy of the distinguished faculties with which the wise and beneficent Creator hath endowed his rational children. Truth is their search, that perfect and eternal principle, which "warms the soul and fits it for the skies." But how do they profess to seek this precious jewel? Is it by the languid, desultory effort, that they expect to secure a prize so inestimable? Far from it. The significant emblems of your profession, if they convey any appropriate meaning to those who are ignorant of many things which belong to your ancient art, evince, to the full satisfaction of the candid mind, that after you have, by diligent labour, procured the proper materials for erecting the temple of truth and of virtue, you are convinced, that the structure can neither advance nor be brought

to perfection, without the exercise of temperance, of skill, of persevering and laborious exertion. The compass and the square, the hammer and the trowel, are emblems of intelligence, of rectitude, of temperance, and of industry. They are useless, unless properly employed. To animate and guide your endeavours in the laudable and beneficial object of improving your talents, you have wisely selected John Baptist, as one pattern for your imitation. He was sincere, ardent, serious, bold, temperate, and industrious. No difficulties discouraged,—no dangers appalled him! That effeminacy of mind, which yields to the claims of inglorious ease, he promptly spurned. With the hammer of truth, he beat off the excrescences of vice—by the square of rectitude, he shaped the materials, and with the trowel of industry he laid on the cement of charity, and thus completed an edifice beautiful and imperishable.

For a few minutes let us cease our reflections upon the exemplary virtues of the holy person, whose nativity supplies an interesting subject for this day's contemplation, not only to the members of the masonic fraternity, but also to a multitude of people, whose language and customs essentially differ, but who follow as their only hope of salvation, the banners of the cross of Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Let us, leaving virtues which we mutually admire, attend to the import of those memorable words, which I have placed at the head of a discourse, that must necessarily fall short, in interest, of those which you have been accustomed to hear from the initiated in the mysteries of your art. "Every valley shall be filled; and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth." This, as you doubtless recollect, was originally uttered by the evangelical prophet Isaiah, as a prediction of the advent of the Messiah, and of the blessed consequence of his divine ministry on earth. In the person of John Baptist we have a precursor of our Lord, to prepare the way for his heavenly instructions. When oriental monarchs determined to visit any province of their domains it was customary with them, to send a sufficient number of proper persons to make their passage not only practicable, but also easy and pleasant. They levelled the way by lowering hills, filling

up vallies, cutting down trees, and removing every other impediment to the retinue of their sovereign. Thus also, in a spiritual acceptation, was John destined to go before the Prince of salvation, the Lord of life and glory. It was his peculiar office, to remove from the minds of men, by the preaching of repentance, or reformation of heart and life, every obstacle to their acceptance of the gospel of God. How far he effected this great purpose, you may judge from the result of his earnest appeals to many and diverse characters, who flocked around him, under a deep conviction of their guilt, and a restless anxiety concerning their immortal welfare.

Those who are acquainted with the history of our holy religion, must be convinced of its transforming efficacy. They must see that it is powerful in casting down the vain imaginations of the human mind, in subduing the rebellious passions of the human heart, and in restraining the obliquities of the human will. The gospel claims to be the power of God unto salvation, unto all who believe and obey it. Its energy is displayed in the transformation of that heart and life, which were corrupt and wayward, in love with vanity; "deceiving and being deceived." It produces a radical and total change in the whole man, elevating his views and desires and hopes, above terrestrial objects, and fixing them upon heavenly things. Such is the efficacy of the religion which the baptist partially taught, and which the incarnate Saviour fully unfolded to the sons of men. It levels the pride of man with the dust; corrects the crooked devices of the carnal heart, and smooths the rugged way of man's probation. Brethren, it would be a delinquency of responsible duty, were I not, upon this interesting occasion, to declare my full and unwavering conviction, that the principles of masonry however excellent and beneficial to mankind, are insufficient for the true and permanent happiness of those who possess them, if they exclude an entire dependence upon the blood of expiation, which was once offered in sacrifice upon the altar of the cross. In this inspired volume, which contains the words of "eternal life," it is declared, that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but that of Jesus Christ. This is a declaration perfectly accordant with many others from

the same high and unquestionable authority. "I am the way, and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the father but by me." These also are words of an unerring Instructor, even Christ. He moreover says, "he that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." You perceive, brethren, that something more is requisite to your future and eternal felicity, than the exercise of the benevolent affections of your nature. We are required to embrace the Saviour whom God hath appointed, and to receive salvation from him as a spontaneous and unmerited gift. We are required to obey all his commandments, in dependence upon his gracious assistance; and when we have done all in our power, in the way of obedience, we are to feel and acknowledge, that we are "unprofitable servants," destitute of any equitable claim to the happiness after which we pant. Could that saint, whose nativity and virtues we this day commemorate, address us from the seat of immortal glory, which we trust he has attained, he would, we doubt not, testify to this momentous doctrine, and urge us to receive it, as worthy of all acceptation. Such is its vital importance, that it would have been criminal in me, as an ambassador of a greater than John, had I kept it out of view upon the present occasion. During our Lord's ministry, he said to a young man of amiable dispositions, and exemplary morals, who also was pious, according to the light received, "thou art not far from the kingdom of God." He was, notwithstanding all his acknowledged excellencies of heart and life, obliged to receive the Lord Jesus Christ, as his only hope of pardon and salvation, in order to become a member of that church or kingdom, in which alone are the covenanted promises of eternal life.

I persuade myself that all whom I am allowed to address, are convinced of the serious moment which the scriptures attach to a doctrine, believed by many professed christians to be fundamental in the last and most glorious dispensation of grace, mercy, and truth to men. There are few, who, in seasons of sober reflection, when as connected with the view of an eventful futurity, they examine their hearts and lives, do not feel distrust concerning their meetness for the glory hereafter to be revealed. They dare not trust to their own righteousness. They dare not confide

their all, in those deeds of benevolence which they have performed to the relief of the necessitous. There appears a fearful void, which they are tremblingly conscious of their inability to supply. Here it is that the Saviour which God hath provided, appears in all the grace and fulness of his proper character as a complete and everlasting Deliverer. The soul spontaneously embraces him, as the only refuge, and rejoices in its escape from dire and impending ruin. To this dear refuge, let me prevail upon you all to hasten, if you have not done it already. Make Jesus your confidence, your "all in all." Let your labors and exertions be directed to the attainment of the "one thing needful." Love and cherish as brethren, not only those who are united with you by the ties of masonry, but those likewise, who have an equal interest with you in the merits and benefits of the great atonement. I am disinclined to believe that there are any present who are indisposed to acknowledge with gratitude of soul the inestimable advantages of the gracious dispensation which the holy baptist proclaimed, as the forerunner of him who came to "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

The principles of masonry are highly esteemed by those who understand them, because they are calculated to exalt their minds and their character, by leading to a rational contemplation upon the stupendous and perfect works of the Infinite Architect, and by stimulating to the exercise of benevolence towards their fellow men. I would observe to the honourable body, at whose desire I have gladly appeared upon this occasion, that I am not insensible of the very unfavourable light in which masons are regarded by many belonging to the various denominations of professing christians. I am aware that narrow and self-sufficient bigotry, were it clothed with power, would cast forth as a heathen man and publican, every one who should presume to join, or refuse to renounce all fellowship with your ancient and respectable brotherhood. You know that whatever zeal is manifested against your society is a zeal destitute of knowledge, and of that amiable quality which binds you together, and stamps the character of heaven upon your labours. Possessing as ample means of judging, as any person can have, who has not been admitted to membership in your association, and, I would

hope, as sincere concern for the truth, "as it is in Jesus," our common lord and master; I hesitate not to declare before this assembly, and before the Christian world, that I can discover no just cause for hostility to your order, on the part of those who name the name of the generous and benevolent saviour. You do not, it is true, make a full discovery of your principles, and the advantages of your art to the world at large, for then your society could no longer distinctively exist; but you do manifest the excellence of your principles by the most convincing proofs, by deeds of charity and brotherly love. You do not, for adequate reasons, admit females as members of your society, but you guard most sacredly the honor of lovely and interesting woman. You dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, by extending the hand of benevolence and sympathy, when the means of support and consolation are withdrawn through the sad and painful bereavement. No proof has been given me, of any evils arising to general society, or to the morals of individuals, from the profession of masonry, while I am sure that much good has resulted to both from the same. When I reflect how many men of eminent abilities and undoubted piety have been connected with your society, from the time that their faculties were mature until called away to receive the reward of their labours in the temple above, as a disciple of the new commandment, I am bound to think favourably of your principles, and, from a heart solicitous for human happiness, to wish you God speed in all the beneficial labours of your craft. Go on therefore, with animation and persevering industry, in the noble business of your profession. Take the holy baptist for your pattern of sincerity, of courage, of fortitude, of concern in human happiness. Be firm, be stedfast, in that which is good. "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." Silence those, who are watchful in finding occasions of reproach against you, by the commanding dignity of your lives and conversation. But particularly, be careful, so to finish your probationary work that it may stand immoveable in the great day of final decision.

Mark out your way by the line of equity and truth. Cherish and follow that perfect canon of the best of instructors, "Do unto all men as you would have them do unto you." Your faculties are noble. Your talents are many. The eye of your final Judge is ever upon you; and magnificent scenes await you, beyond the limits of your mortal ken. O! ponder well the exalted privileges of your being, and exert yourselves in the race set before you. If you acquit yourselves to the satisfaction of him who demands your love, homage, and obedience, he will receive you to the bosom of his everlasting favor, and crown you with a diadem of glory. In the temple not made with hands, in the august courts of the living and true God, you will admire forever, and forever adore, the infinite skill displayed in the works of nature, providence, and grace. In harmonious and blissful concert with all who have here wrought faithfully after the pattern given by the Grand Master of the universe, you will rejoice and praise, world without end.—AMEN.

THE MASONIC LECTURER.

No. 2.

THE unenlightened world is apt to imagine that the substance of masonry is nothing more than empty show, that lodges meet only for purposes of conviviality or childish amusement, and that intelligent and high minded men in all countries and ages have been so strangely infatuated as to join in a grand combination to deceive the rest of the world. Unfortunately too, the ignorance and misconduct of many of the fraternity, and the bad management of some lodges, are but too well calculated to confirm this erroneous impression. The mere glitter of the external dress, the splendor of the paraphernalia, the grandeur and sublimity of the forms and ceremonies of masonry, so strike upon the senses and arrest the attention of the superficial and inconsiderate observer, that he looks no further, but regardless of the allusions which constitute their real value, directs his attention to the external decorations and mysterious rites, rather than to the soul and spirit of the order. This unhappy propensity, so prevalent

among mankind, to please the senses rather than to enlighten the mind, has led to the neglect, so much to be lamented, of the beautiful and instructive lectures in the several degrees. In many lodges the practice has been so general and long continued, of omitting their rehearsal altogether, that they are actually unknown to the best informed among the members, and when introduced by a stranger, are considered as innovations. In many parts of the western country, not a mason can be found, able to rehearse an entire lecture in either degree, and the most enlightened Past Master cannot tell to what the description of the three sections of the first lecture, as contained in the Book of Constitutions, was intended to apply. Perfectly well do I recollect the interest, with which, when I first entered the vestibule of the lodge, I referred to the Book of Constitutions for instruction, the pleasure I felt in perusing its description of the lectures, and the disappointment I experienced, when, on application to the Master of the Lodge, by whom I was initiated, for an explanation of its allusions and a recital of the first lecture, I found that he understood it little better than myself. Precisely similar, I have no doubt, must be the feelings of every inquisitive entered apprentice, who passes through the ceremonies of initiation without receiving a full lecture. Many an enlightened and honorable man, who has been allured to the Lodge by a knowledge of the characters of its inmates, and whose expectations have been, perhaps extravagantly, raised, has retired disappointed and disaffected, merely for want of the beautiful and satisfactory explanations contained in the first lecture. How different would have been the result, had his attention been properly directed to the useful lessons intended to be inculcated, to the singular appropriateness of the allusions, to the strong and impressive reasons for every step in the ceremony, and to the facts and circumstances upon which it was founded! I cannot therefore withhold the renewed expression of my hope, that the lectures will no longer be neglected, but that the friends of masonry will be aroused from their lethargy, and inspired with an ardent zeal to give to the order its genuine importance, and to render it, as it was intended to be, the school of science, the abode of virtue, and the vestibule of Heaven.

With the first section of the first lecture scarcely any mason is suffered to remain long unacquainted. In some form or other, he is substantially taught it, and is required, in almost every lodge, to make himself familiar with it. "It consists," as we are correctly told in the Book of Constitutions, "of general heads, which though short and simple, carry weight with them. They not only serve as marks of distinction, but communicate useful and interesting knowledge when they are duly investigated. They qualify us to try and examine the rights of others to our privileges, while they prove ourselves; and as they induce us to enquire more minutely into *other particulars of greater importance*, they serve as an introduction to subjects *more amply explained* in the following sections." While therefore I admit the value and essential importance of the first section, I am compelled to regard as still more valuable and important those which succeed it.

The second section "maintains, beyond the power of contradiction, the propriety of our rites, while it demonstrates to the most skeptical and hesitating mind their excellency and utility." The allusion to the manner in which Solomon's temple was erected, "without the assistance of an axe, hammer, or other metallic tool;" the notice of an ancient Israelitish custom, long revered by the craft; the reasons assigned for the darkness which obscures the first step of the mason; the happy reference to the consolatory three-fold promise given by our Saviour in the gospel; and the impressive manner in which piety and devotion are called to the aid of the initiate, cannot fail to rivet the attention, and to satisfy the curiosity of the intelligent and inquisitive entered apprentice. In fine, every clause in this interesting section is fraught with the most appropriate and useful instruction, and tends to confirm the truth of the assertion, that "every character, figure, and emblem, depicted in a lodge, has a moral tendency, and inculcates the practice of virtue."

The third section, though less important than the second, should certainly be familiar to every mason. The information it contains, relative to the form, supports, covering, furniture, ornaments, lights, jewels, proper situation &c. of a lodge, cannot with propriety be neglected by any one, who aspires to a place, however humble, within the confines of the order. Those truly

masonic virtues, BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF and TRUTH, are also inculcated with peculiar force, and the entered apprentice is directed to practice them, not with languor and reluctance, but with the utmost *freedom, fervency, and zeal*. This section "strengthens those which precede it, and enforces, in a most engaging manner, a due regard to character and behaviour in public, as well as in private life; in the lodge, as well as in the general commerce of society."

The CHARGE delivered at initiation is contained at full length in the Book of Constitutions, and deserves not only to be frequently read, and diligently studied, but to be carefully committed to memory, and to be made the rule and guide of the *practice* of every mason. It embraces, within a narrow compass, a comprehensive view of our duties and obligations. It points out the course we should pursue, in relation to our maker, our neighbours, and ourselves; inculcates piety towards God, charity to our fellow men, and temperance in the indulgence of our appetites and passions. It enforces our duties as citizens, and as masons, and urges us to the strictest regard of the laws of genuine honor and integrity, and to the faithful preservation of the mysteries of the order. Could the injunctions it contains be uniformly observed by those to whom it has been officially delivered, masonry would cease to be disgraced by the characters of its votaries, and would assume the rank, in the estimation of the world at large, to which by its intrinsic excellence, it is so eminently entitled. Hypocrisy is always despicable, yet what but hypocrite can we call the man who delivers from the oriental chair, or gravely sits by and sanctions the delivery of a solemn charge, the injunctions of which, when abroad in the world, he habitually neglects and treats with contempt? Is not that man a hypocrite, who, with an air of affected solemnity, reads from the Book of Constitutions, a charge to his newly made brother, never to mention the name of Deity "but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his creator," and who is yet, in his ordinary intercourse with his fellow men, grossly and shamelessly profane? Is not that man a hypocrite, who enjoins the necessity of "acting upon the square, and doing to our neighbour as we wish him to do unto us," and who, nevertheless, is selfish and unjust in his

dealings, and ready on every convenient opportunity, to circumvent and injure his neighbours? And what better name than hypocrite shall we give to him who, condemns, in the impressive language of the charge, "all irregularity and intemperance, which may impair our faculties or debase the dignity of our profession," and who is yet the most conspicuous in the midnight revel and debauch? It is time indeed that masons began to think more seriously of these things. It is time they should realize the awful responsibility they have assumed, and the essential injury they do the order, as well as the cause of morality generally, by every deviation in practice from the admirable rules enjoined in the masonic lectures and charges. One more hint must suffice for the present number. The members of lodges are not sufficiently cautious in the election of their officers. None but strictly moral men, none but those who respect the order for something more than its outward forms, and endeavour to live up to its principles and injunctions, should ever be elevated to places of trust and influence. Indiscreet and immoral officers bring discredit upon the order, disgust and drive away the most valuable members, and place weapons in the hands of the enemies of masonry.

FOR THE MASONIC MISCELLANY.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF FREE MASONRY IN
TENNESSEE.

PREVIOUSLY to the 27th of December A. L. 5813, A. D. 1813, the lodges in the state of Tennessee, (eight in number) worked under charters from the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. On that day representatives from the Lodges of Tennessee assembled in Grand Convention at Knoxville, when a charter, or deed of relinquishment, from the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, bearing date the 30th September, A. L. 5813, was laid before the convention. This instrument relinquished all authority and jurisdiction over the several lodges in this state, and gave assent to the erection of a Grand Lodge for the state of Tennessee.

The convention having been duly organized, a constitution

and by-laws were adopted, and the following brethren elected and solemnly installed officers thereof, viz:

The M. W. Thomas Claiborne Esq. *Grand Master.*

R. W. George Wilson, *Deputy Grand Master.*

R. W. John Hall, *Senior Grand Warden.*

R. W. A. K. Shaiffer, *Junior Grand Warden.*

W. Thomas M'Corry, *Grand Treasurer.*

W. Edward Scott, *Grand Secretary.*

On the first Monday in October, A. L. 5814, the Grand Lodge met at Nashville, (the then seat of government of the state,) when the M. W. Thomas Claiborne Esq. was re-elected Grand Master.

October, A. L. 5815. The M. W. Robert Searcey Esq. was elected Grand Master, and re-elected October 1816. At the meeting of the Grand Lodge in 5816, charters were issued to a Lodge at St. Louis, Missouri; one at Blountsville, Tennessee, and one at Natchez, Mississippi.

October 5817. The M. W. Wilkins Tannehill Esq. was elected Grand Master. During this year charters were issued to four lodges in the state of Tennessee, and one at Port Gibson, Mississippi.

October 5818. The M. W. Wilkins Tannehill Esq. was re-elected Grand Master. This year charters were issued to one lodge in the state of Tennessee, and two in Alabama.

On the 24th of June 1818, the corner stone of a Masonic Hall was laid in the town of Nashville, with appropriate ceremonies, by the Grand Master, assisted by the officers of the Grand Lodge and the officers and members of Cumberland Lodge No. 8. In the corner stone, together with the coins of the year, was deposited a plate of copper, with the following inscription:

On the 24th June, A. L. 5818, A. D.

was laid

THIS FOUNDATION STONE

of a

HALL,

To be erected by the

MEMBERS OF

CUMBERLAND LODGE

No. 8.

"Behold, saith the Lord God, I have laid in Zion, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone; a sure foundation."

N

This building is now nearly completed. The funds for its erection were raised by lottery and individual subscriptions.

October, 5819. The M. W. Oliver B. Hayes Esq was elected Grand Master. This year charters were issued to five lodges in Tennessee, two in Missouri, one in Illinois, and one in Alabama.

October 5820. The following (who are the present officers) were elected and installed, viz.

The M. W. Wilkins Tannehill, *Grand Master*,
 R. W. Edward Ward, *D. Grand Master*,
 R. W. George Wilson, *Senior Grand Warden*.
 R. W. Wm. G. Dickinson, *J. Grand Warden*,
 W. Moses Norvell, *Grand Secretary*,
 W. E. H. Foster, *Grand Treasurer*,
 Rev'd. John Cox, *Grand Chaplain*,
 Br. A. H. Wood, *Grand Senior Deacon*,
 " James Irwin, *Grand Junior Deacon*,
 " Thomas Hyter, *Grand Sword Bearer*,
 " M. L. Dixon, *Grand Marshal*,
 " E. Cooper, *Grand Steward*,
 " Duncan Robertson, *do.*
 " Samuel Chapman, *Grand Tyler*.

In the town of Nashville is a Royal Arch Chapter, under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States. The following companions are the officers thereof, viz:

E. Wilkins Tannehill, *High Priest*,
 E. E. Cooper, *King*,
 E. Stephen Cantrell, *Scribe*,
 Comp. John Spence, *Treasurer*,
 " George Shall, *Secretary*.

ON THE PROPER MODE OF PUBLISHING EXPULSIONS.

Extract from a letter to the Editor of the Masonic Miscellany.

"I HAVE recently received a letter from a distinguished member of the Masonic family in the western part of the state of New York; by which I learn that the site of the Grand Lodge

of that state has been lately removed from the city of New-York to Albany. My correspondent informs me, that while master of a Lodge, he received an official circular from the Grand Lodge of that state, containing some edicts and rules for the government of the craft, among which was the following:

"No Lodge under this jurisdiction, nor any member thereof, shall publish or in any manner make public, except to the fraternity or within the walls of a Lodge, the expulsion of any member."

On reading the above extract, I must acknowledge I was seriously put to thinking. I should feel the utmost delicacy in impeaching either what I had considered an *ancient usage* of the fraternity, or the *wisdom* of the Grand Lodge of New-York. If you deem it a proper subject for speculation in the pages of the "*Miscellany*," I should be gratified to read your opinions on the propriety or impropriety of the above edict."

REMARKS.

WE confess we do not see the propriety of the regulation adopted by the Grand Lodge of New-York. Mercy, it is true, is a leading principle of Masonry, but when once an erring brother is suspended or expelled, duty to the character of the order, as well as justice to the condemned, requires that the suspension or expulsion should be made known as extensively as possible, to the world at large. There may have been reasons actuating the Grand Lodge of New York, to the adoption of this measure, which do not occur to us, but we are really unable to discern any good argument in favour of keeping secret, or forbearing to publish as widely as possible the expulsion of any unworthy member. We cannot but be aware of the readiness with which the enemies of the order array against it the characters of those among the fraternity, who are guilty of base and disgraceful conduct. When such men therefore are expelled, every principle of justice appears to require that the fact should be extensively made known, in order that the imputation so illiberally cast upon the order for having bad men within its sacred asylum, should be, as far as possible, removed. We wish not to see the private concerns of masonry blazed abroad to the world, but we wish to see the order vindicated from the charge of tolerating immorality, and spreading its mantle over base and unworthy conduct.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE CYPRESS CROWN,—A TALE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69.

He had once more become tranquil, and looked for a long time into the beautiful garden, which at night appeared for the first time inhabited; for Wolfe now plainly marked some one slowly moving up and down through the obscure walks. Sometimes the form stood still, and lifted its arm, as if beckoning to some one to follow. Wolfe could not distinguish the figure narrowly enough; for the rising veil of vapours often concealed it as if in long white robes; and the more anxiously he fixed his eyes upon it, the more faintly and glimmeringly one object, as it were, melted into another. At last, Wolfe came from the window, and, leaving it open, threw himself into bed. The now dry leaves of his cypress wreath, which hung upon the wall, fluttered and rustled over him in the draught of the window. Wolfe started up at the sound, calling out, "Who's there?" and he bethought himself, but half awake, where he was. His eyes now chanced to rest upon the window, and *there* he could not help believing, that he beheld the same form that had before appeared in the garden, looking in upon him. "Devil take your jokes!" cried our hero, becoming quite angry, not only with this intruder, but still more with himself, for the death-like tremour which came over him. He then drew his head hastily under the clothes, and from fatigue fell asleep under loud audible beating of his heart.

One hour, as he believed, (but a longer interval, perhaps in reality,) had the mysterious influences of the world of dreams reigned over his senses, when a strange noise once more alarmed him. The moon was still contending with the light of day, of which the faint gray dawn was visible; and now a low moaning sound was again heard close to our hero. He instantly tore the clothes from his face, and set both his arms at liberty. Then with one hand stretched out, and the other lifted up for combat,

he forced his eyes wide open, and stared about him. He was at first not a little terrified, on beholding a great white dog, with his two fore-feet placed upon the bed, and stretching up his head, with large round eyes fixed upon him, and gleaming in the twilight. This unexpected guest however wagged his tail, and licked the hand that was stretched out to drive him away; so that Wolfe could not find in his heart to fulfil his intention; the dog fawning, always came nearer and nearer; and, as if through customary right, remained at last quietly in the same position. "Probably he must belong to some one here," thought our hero, stroking him on the back; "and now believes that I am his master. Who knows what inhabitants may have left this apartment to make room for me?" Scarcely had he said these last words when the dreams out of which he had just awoke regained all their influence, and he could not help believing that there had really been some important and preternatural visitant with him in his chamber. Reflection on this subject, however, was too painful and perplexing to be continued. He therefore sprang out of bed, and, as it was already day break, he began to put his accoutrements in order, and prepared himself to go to the stables. The dog continued snuffing about him, and attentively watched and imitated his every look and movement. Wolfe twice showed him the door, which the troublesome animal had opened in the night, and which still stood open; but he showed not the slightest inclination to retire from the presence of his new master.

In the court all was now alive and busy. The butcher's men went gaily about, whistling and singing, some of them pious songs, and others, such as they had learned at the ale-house.—Wolfe stood at the window, and brushed the dust from his foraging cap, now and then looking down at the mock-fighting, wrestling, and other practical jokes of these sturdy companions. One of them, who appeared somewhat older than the rest, and moreover wore a morose and discontented aspect, drew from the stable a poor old withered hack, buckled on a leathern portmanteau, threw himself into a faded shabby great coat, and with a large whip in his hand, twisted his fingers through the mane and bridle; fixed one foot in the stirrup, and endeavoured to bring up the other with a violent swing. However, the poor worn-out animal, who had not

recovered from the effects of his last journey, kicked and plunged to prevent himself from being mounted; while the awkward horseman, in a rage, checked and tore him with the reins, kicked him with his feet in the side, and with his clenched fist on the head. "Infamous scoundel!" said Wolfe, whose blood boiled with indignation, "if the fellow can't ride, what business has he to meddle with horses!—It is a miserable thing to see a fellow in this situation, who has never been a soldier!" At last, the despicable rider got himself seated in the saddle, drew a white felt cap over his eyes, and jogged away, bending his body almost double as he passed under the outward gate-way. Wolfe was glad when he was thus fairly gone; yet his absence had not continued long, when our hero again heard the long-legged old gray horse trampling over the stones. The rider had forgotten something. He shouted, whistled, and cursed alternately; then rode up with much noise to an under window, and demanded, "if no one had seen Lynx?" This honest creature now lay growling at Wolfe's feet, and showed his teeth angrily, every time the well-known voice called him from below. Wolfe was by no means inclined, on account of his new friend, to enter into any quarrels; however as he stood at the window, and patted Lynx on the head, he took the trouble of calling out—"If it is the great white dog that you want, here he lies in the room with me. I did not bring him hither, and do not wish to keep him; but he will not go away." The bawling fellow stared at him, with his mouth wide open; once more pulled down his cap; and, without saying another word, rode away about his business. "So much the better" thought Wolfe—stroking briskly the rough hair of Lynx; "Stay thou here, my good old dog, and take care of my knapsack whilst I am absent." The dog looked at him, as if he understood every word—drew his hind legs under him, and with the fore-legs stretched out, he laid himself across the threshold of the door, with his head lifted up, and keeping watch attentively.

Wolfe then went about his professional duties, endeavoring to forget the painful night that he had passed; and assumed an appearance of merriment, which he was in reality far from enjoying. In currying and rubbing down his horse, however, he sung one song after another, while his comrades about him, in the

mean while, had much to complain of in their reception, and wished for the return of better days. "There he is, in high spirits," said they, pointing to Wolfe. "But then," added they, "a bird that sings so early in the morning, the vulture will catch before night!" "It may be so!" said Wolfe gravely; for from the first he had expected nothing good from his residence with the butcher; and it always seemed as if there was yet to come a violent dispute and quarrel with his host. "Well now,"—said another, "thou say'st nothing all this while about thy quarters and how thou hast been entertained. Now is the time to speak out!"—"What's the use of talking?" answered Wolfe, "that will not make one's vexations a whit less. I knew very well before, the people here use so many high sounding words—and try to appear so polite and important; but unluckily most of them lag devilishly behind in making good all their professions. 'Soldiers billeted!' think they—that gives us no trouble—we can entertain them in our own way—for no one knows or enquires any thing about them—and as to what the poor hungry devils themselves may say—no one will believe them. For such gentry, in their own opinion, there is never any thing good enough!" "Very true!" cried they, all laughing. "There you hit the nail on the head. So it is, indeed!" "But," continued one, "with the green trumpery—the leaves and flowers that they threw to meet us—*there* they were quite profuse and splendid. But not even a horse—much less a man, could live on such provender—yet one cannot feed on the air—*this* they should know still better than we do." "Let all this alone," interposed Wolfe, "and don't make such a fuss about a few morsels, which, when they are once swallowed, are forgotten." "Nay—nay," said a non-commissioned officer, "it is for the want of due respect and honour that we find fault. A soldier ought to be respected." "Respect!" replied Wolfe, "that indeed is an idea which would never enter into their head. Out of mere shame, they are full of poison and gall, and would, therefore, wish to degrade us even in their own eyes. Therefore a bayonet or sabre appears to them like a sword of justice; and out of sheer vexation they become insolent." "All this will soon have an end," interrupted the serjeant; "you, my good friends, will be paid off; then every one will live on his

money as well as he can." "Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, "I shall gladly, with my sixpence a day, *buy off* their long faces and sullen tempers." "Ay—ay!" shouted a jovial companion. "Then we shall have enough for ourselves, and spend it freely, and give these gentry a share of our wealth as long as it lasts!" He then struck up the old song—

"And if then our cash and our credit grow low,

"Fair ladies adieu"—through the world we must go!" &c. &c.

All laughed at the song, (of which we have given but the first two lines,) and Wolfe among the rest; for indeed it now seemed to him as if an overpowering weight had been lifted from his breast. "In a few days, thought he, all will be well. Our present restrains and difficulties will be at end."

Through the day he avoided being too much at his quarters. Louisa, at all events, would not let herself be visible; and as to the rest of the household, he had no wish to meet any of them.

It was now late in the evening, when he stood under the doorway, and looked about him through the street. Not long after arrived the savage rider, who had excited his indignation in the morning. He came in at a short jog trot; and, without perceiving Wolfe, rode straight forward to the stable, whither the poor old hack, of his own accord, was steering with all his might. Having dismounted,—shaken himself two or three times,—and beat his old slovenly boots together, this elegant squire at last betook himself to the low parlour within doors, to wait on Meinherr John. Wolfe had now stepped out into the street, and walked up and down before the house. In a short time he heard loud voices within, and involuntarily looked up to the window—The fellow seemed in violent altercation with his master—He held an empty leathern purse in one hand, and beat with it violently now and then on the table that stood before him. Meinherr John, meanwhile, walked up and down with gestures of evident mortification and perplexity, while the other exclaimed in a loud voice, "What the master wastes on cards and dice, must never be reckoned or thought of!—*that* one of us must be driven to make up for; but he had better not begin with me; for on my soul I won't suffer it!" The butcher would now have interfered again; but the fellow, over and over, with the red flush of anger

in his countenance, persisted: "What the devil! shall I allow myself to be abused in this manner for such a paltry sum—I that have helped him, in my day, to gain so much?"—"Now, now, this is all very well," said the butcher in a conciliatory tone; his opponent, however, came a step nearer to him, and holding up his clenched fist in his master's face—"Let him forget another time," cried he, "that I have him in my power, and, whenever I please, can make him as cold as a dead dog!"

To Wolfe it now seemed as if an ice-cold sepulchral hand had been drawn over him.—He ran up to his apartment, and locked himself in; for he felt exactly as if he had fallen into a den of murderers. His faithful adherent Lynx now came up to him crouching; he caressed the animal as a companion in adversity, and looked into his honest open eyes for consolation.

It was plain that ever since our hero came under the roof of his present abode, a heavy, resistless, and unaccountable weight had pressed upon him. He could enjoy nothing,—had no command over his thoughts,—and could not apply to any pursuit for pastime. Mechanically he measured the small room with his steps a hundred times over; and did not lay himself for the first time to sleep till it was late in the night.

When, on the following morning, the trumpet blew for feeding the horses, with a feverish timidity and trembling, he started from his sleep, out of the obscure world of dreams, by whose influences his senses, in a kind of half-consciousness, had been ruled and agitated. He sprang disordered out of bed; the small fragment of mirror that he had in his knapsack exhibited his countenance, pale as death, and the features swollen, relaxed, almost metamorphosed, on which the traces of a miserable internal conflict still were but too obvious. Even through the whole succeeding day his endeavours to recover himself were in vain. His comrades looked at him anxiously and perplexed; asked questions, and urged him for an answer—but he remained invincibly reserved, and would by no means enter into any explanation. Meanwhile he went about all his affairs and professional duties as if he were in a dream, managed (or mis-managed) every thing under the greatest distraction; and encountered the reprimands,

that he received for such conduct, without shame, and indeed with apathy.

So passed over the whole day. In the evening he sat with several of his comrades on a bench before the guard-house. It was now very misty, and a thick oppressive sky hung over them. All seemed in good humour, and occasionally joined together in the chorus of several excellent old songs. Wolfe listened, or seemed to listen, in truth without perceiving any thing that passed around him; but when at last his next neighbour started up, and said, "now, it is time, every one must to his quarters!" his heart began to beat, and his knees tottered under him, so that he could hardly support himself. His comrade, however, had been observing him for a long while, and believing that he was certainly ill, now seized him by the arm, and they loitered along for a considerable distance together. When they had come at last to the neighbourhood of the butcher's house, Wolfe suddenly stood still, and, inwardly shuddering, heaved a deep sigh. "No!" said he to himself, "I shall no longer bear undivulged these obscure and horrible thoughts which have rendered my conduct so reserved and extraordinary; and which, buried in my heart, torment me to death!" "Now then," cried the other, "only resolve boldly.—Come! out with it from the heart, fresh, and without any reserve or qualification!—What have you to tell?" "Don't laugh," said Wolfe, "it was a dream, such as might render you and me and every one insane that hears it!" The wild eyes and faltering voice of our hero involuntarily startled his comrade—both looked fearfully and pale at one another. When at last they had arrived at the butcher's house, and entered together the mysterious apartment; "Here then," said Wolfe "look attentively round you. In this room has appeared to me now, for these two nights past, a gray white spectre, with features blood-stained and emaciated, worn and gnawn away by the mouldering damps of the grave. This apparition seats itself on that chair before my bed; and, with its head leaning on its hands, looks at me imploringly. I wake not—I sleep not—I feel and see, and yet cannot move a limb. After a while the figure makes signs to me, and points to that garden, which you may perceive yonder over the walls. The spectre moves not its lips, and

yet it appears to me as if I heard a voice directing me: "*There, near the ruined ice-house, under the two lime trees growing out of one stem, shalt thou go and search!*" It ceases not to make signs and to supplicate, till the daylight once more glimmers on mine eyes; and I awake—I cannot say to self-possession, for these horrible impressions are indelible!"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Anecdote of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden.

AFTER the death of Steno, the administrator, and the bosom friend of Gustavus, and the consequent murder of the senate, a price being set on his own head, the future deliverer of Sweden retired to the mountains of Dalecarlia, hoping he might hide himself in the woods with which that country is covered, and imagining that it would not be difficult to stimulate the inhabitants to revolt against the tyrant Christiern, as they had always shown themselves averse to the Danish yoke. At that time there was not one good town in the whole province, and hardly any thing but small villages situated on the borders of the forests, or on the banks of lakes and rivers. Some of these villages depended on the noblemen of the country, but most belonged to the crown, and were governed by the peasants themselves, the elders supplying the places of judges and captains. The national government durst not send either troops or garrisons into this province; nor did the kings themselves enter it in a legal manner till they had given pledge to the mountaineers to retain their privileges. On these independent people, therefore, Gustavus placed a firm confidence.

Disguising himself as a peasant, he set forth on his way to Dalecarlia, accompanied by a boor who was to be his guide. He crossed over the whole country of Sudermania, then passed between Mericia and Westmonia, and after the fatigues of a long and dangerous journey, arrived safe among the mountains. He had no sooner entered the province, than he was abandoned by his guide, who absconded, robbing him of all the money he had provided for his subsistence. He wandered up and down amongst

these dreadful deserts, destitute of friends and money, not daring to own that he was even a gentleman. At length the inhabitants, then hardly more civilized than savages, proposed to him to work for his livelihood. To conceal himself from discovery, and to support nature, he accordingly hired himself to labour in the mines at Fahlun, and for a long course of time did he toil in these caverns, and breathe as his common element the air, one respiration of which seemed to bring the summons of death.

Near Fahlun, on a little hill, stands a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consists of a long barn-like structure formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated under the very roof.

Gustavus having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a person of the name of Pearson (or Peterson) whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in defence of his country, and endeavoured by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran,

to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen and the leading persons whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design into execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believing himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of soldiers, marched directly to the place. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on

the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him.'

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: 'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she, 'it's the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account: but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to an outhouse, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fisher's boats lay, she lowered him down a convenient aperture; and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

While he made his way to a boat, unmoored it, and rowed swiftly towards the isles, so hiding himself and his course amongst their mazes, the lady returned to the Dane laden with provisions, and amused him by a well spread table till the soldiers brought back the disappointing intelligence, that their search had been fruitless. The observations of the officer, and his new directions, soon apprised the heroic woman of the vileness of her husband; and therefore when he appeared, which was shortly afterwards, even to him she kept true to her first statement, that Gustavus had gone out into the wood. The circumstance of the chastised servant seemed so insignificant to the officer, that, as it had occasioned in him no suspicion, he never mentioned it. And

as guilt easily believes itself suspected, Pearson acknowledged with vexation to the Dane, that he had no doubt Gustavus had suspected his design, being aware, notwithstanding their mutual friendship, of his impregnable fidelity to Christiern (*measureless liar!*) and had accordingly taken the opportunity of his absence to escape. As none were in the lady's confidence, the new retreat of Gustavus remained undiscovered, till assisted by the good curate, and other friends to liberty, he appeared openly at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, and gave his country freedom.

BEAUTY WITHOUT MERIT.

THAT women have more tongue than brains, is what some men, who have as much satire as judgment, have endeavoured to prove. How far they have succeeded, I shall not at present contend. There are, however, many exceptions to this character; but at the same time we must candidly acknowledge, there are also many, who too much resemble it. The reason I take to be this: Those ladies, who are ever the goddesses to whom the sacrifice of adulation is offered, are as often willing to be thought celestial, as the empty coxcomb is to declare them so.—This is the unhappy case of LESBIA; she observes that her beauty and dress command respect; and concludes, the only method for her to increase what she is so extravagantly fond of, is to augment the finery of the one, and procure every *cosmetic* to assist the other. But here she is mistaken: her dress is expressive of the futility of her mind, and by adding a brighter tint to the rose of nature, she has almost ruined that enchanting glow, which once gained her the appellation of beautiful. Nor do the pernicious effects end here. It not only spoils the natural beauty, but is prejudicial to health. It is well known that Lady Coventry, a celebrated beauty in England, fell a martyr to the cosmetic art.

Being in company with LESBIA, with my friend Amator, he seemed suddenly smitten, and desired to be introduced to her. AMATOR is a youth, given more to sentiment than gallantry; and had rather find a good heart, and real sense in a woman, than the most shining beauty, or *elegant negligence*.

I complied with Amator's request, and left him *tete a tete* with the lady. Meeting with my friend soon after, and guessing his disappointment, I requested him to give me without reserve, his opinion of Lesbia. "These lines," says he, "will inform you in a much shorter compass than I am able."

"When LESBIA first I saw; the heavenly fair!
With eyes so charming, with that awful air;
I thought my heart that durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous Ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound."

I shall not endeavour to gain the esteem of my fair readers or make them in love with my writings, by flattery; the insinuating method of a prating beau, or a camelion-like coxcomb; but like a true friend, which few ladies, I believe, ever find but in a husband, I shall inform them of their little foibles and weakness, wherever I find them. They are the avenues for detraction and adulation; those turbid streams which imbitter life.

To return. Beauty, though often the cause of love, is but a weak foundation for the support of it; for unless the beauties of the mind are united with the beauties of the person; unless merit is blended with external attractions, the love raised upon the latter will last no longer than the frail basis upon which it is founded. That woman must be weak, who places her whole confidence in mere exterior, the graces of her person and the battery of her eyes; while she is inattentive to the elegance of her sentiment, and the refinement of her intellectual powers. Though the former may attract the attention, it is the latter alone that can secure the heart. As narrative is more pleasing than sentiment, and striking examples more convincing than dry precept, I shall relate an anecdote of a young lady, which I think will sufficiently evince the truth of the preceding observations.

MYRANDA was handsome; an hundred beaux had told her so an hundred times, and her looking glass convinced her of the truth. Her features were indeed beautiful, and her person captivating; but her actions were accompanied with that conceited,

supercilious air, which *conscious* beauty never fails to assume, Pride and vanity were her predominant foibles. It is natural to suppose that a lady of this description would make a sudden impression upon the hearts of all who were susceptible of exterior charms. Very true, but the first impression was the only one. She wounded at the first glance, but not having the good sense to hold what her eyes had caught, the wound was soon healed, and the *conquest* lost. ALONZO, a gentleman from the southward, saw her at the ball room. He danced with her; and it is supposed he lost his heart at that time; as he was carrying down the "*Innocent Maid*" with Myranda. Alonzo had an independent fortune, and sprung from a great family. Here he exceeded our heroine. But love is blind, and Alonzo was just about tumbling into the gulf of matrimony; when, being bantered about his intended wedding with Myranda, it was observed in the company, that "it was advisable not to be precipitate in matrimonial affairs, for many had been ruined by a too hasty connexion." Whether this was only an incidental remark, or an intended hint, Alonzo was unable to discover; but he wisely resolved to turn it to his advantage. He had already observed several malapert airs and innumerable extravagancies, quite unbecoming Myranda. Though not less frequent in his assiduities, he knew by degrees more of her real character. Matters began to draw nearer a crisis; and in a few weeks Myranda thought herself sure of our hero's unalterable affections. Pleasing was the idea! The attention, the deference of Alonzo, were a convincing argument, that her conquest was certain. She wished for the triumph; to sport with the heart of her beau, before she was bound to obey him forever. I shall not trouble the reader, with the many little causes, that united themselves to part the lovers. Suffice it to say, that Myranda, in one fatal moment lost the heart and love of Alonzo. By her own folly convinced, and by experience grown wiser, she has determined to pay a due regard to the improvement of her mind, which has been too much neglected for the adornment of her exterior. The high opinion she entertained of herself, she is also convinced, was the result of her own pride, vanity, and attention to adulation rather than to sincerity. As to Alonzo, he has been heard to declare, that if Myranda were to turn out a modern Xan-

tippe, as in all probability she would, to judge from her present temper, he had not the philosophy to withstand her. Thus end the loves of Alonzo and Myranda.

I must here acquaint Miss Talkative, that, notwithstanding her fine eyes and personal attractions, the insipidity of her conversations, and her vain repetitions are always disgusting. There is a kind of *chit-chat* or small talk, which forms the common topics of common conversation; this is what we often look for in ladies; and for my part I would not wish to hear any of them disputing about logic, astronomy, mathematics, or the arts of war. But I would have them strive to acquire that virtue and merit, which will charm mankind when beauty is faded; for beauty alone "palls upon the sense," unless understanding and good nature maintain it. BEAUTY will ever attract our notice; MERIT always interest our affection; but beauty and merit united, must be the perfection of human nature, and an epitome of divinity.

Interesting Anecdote of a girl romantically in Love.

"But, oh! there wants to crown my happiness,
Life of my empire, treasure of my soul!"

I have noted an account, says Kotzebue, which is said to have happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most of my readers as it did mine.

She was playing on her harpsichord, and her lover used often to accompany her on the harp; he died, and his harp had remained in her room. After the first excess of despair, she sunk into the deepest melancholy; and much time elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and, hark! the harp, tuned alike, resounded in echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. She thought herself firmly persuaded that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument.

The harpsichord, from this moment, constituted her only pleasure, as it alone afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men, who want to know and clear up every thing, once entered her apart-

ment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that very moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and, with a great display of learning, proved to her, by experimental physics, that all was very natural. From that instant the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

GRACE.

THERE is in the manner of some females, a certain familiar, yet distant ease, which instantly seizes our admiration and esteem, and of all other female accomplishments leaves the most powerful and permanent effect upon the mind. It is generally stiled *dignity of manners*; but, incapable as it really is of any determinate definition, we may still define it more intelligibly, or rather comprehend it more clearly, by resolving it into one of the qualities of *Grace*. In the pictures of Corregio, Guido and Raphael, indeed by all our sculptors and painters, ancient and modern, Grace has uniformly been distinguished into two distinct species, the *majestic* and *familiar*; the former they have usually expressed in their attitudes of Minerva, the latter in those of Venus. Xenophon too, in his choice of *Hercules*, has made the same distinction in his personages of Wisdom and Pleasure. As the harsh dialect of the Greek may not strike the female ear so melodiously nor in some instances perhaps so intelligibly, his masterly description in the following lines may be read as a translation:

“Graceful, yet each with diff’rent grace they move,
This striking sacred awe, that softer winning love.”

Nor has the father of the sublime, in his inimitable portrait of our venerable first parents, shown that he was insensible to these different species of grace; but the majestic, so peculiarly becoming to female manners, it seems he has considered as a necessary requisite in completing his beautifully descriptive character of *Eve*:

“Her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine;
Her graceful innocence; her ev’ry air
Of gesture or least action;

Grace was in all her steps; heav'n in her eye;
 In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.
 Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attend thee; and each word each motion forms."

In this well drawn picture of primeval ease and simplicity, every requisite to command our admiration and esteem may be read in the most legible characters. The original, although viewed in mere semblance through the dim mirror of ages, like the sun in the firmament, may yet impart some rays to our amiable sisters. Ancient as the model may appear, I will venture to assure them, that it may yet correct their modern manners. When I recommend this species of majestic grace as the most commanding trait in their external behaviour, I would caution them against that studied *reserve*, which they often-times assume in its stead. This never fails to disgust even the blindest of our sex. To the discerning it is more frightful than deformity itself. But the kind of reserve I would recommend, is more the result of a refined understanding, a mind which feels conscious of its own worth, and at the same time conscious of the surest method to secure that worth in the opinion of others. As grace is the mere operation of the passions, and receives its shape from them, it is more the effect of nature than of art. Its influence upon the external behaviour can never therefore fail to please, and while it pleases it will always secure the female character from the overbearing advances of sycophants and flatterers, whom I am sorry to say, they too often suffer to dangle in their train. Our love too should always be tempered with respect; and here I must observe, that we generally respect those females the most, who awe us by their chastity, and command us by their self reverence.

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
 That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous East
 Bows not his *vassal* head, and, stricken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
 That is not blinded by her majesty?"

THE MIMIC MORTIFIED.

Mr. Garrick and a friend went one day to visit Foote, the comedian. Sir Robert Fletcher, an officer who had served with reputation in the East Indies, accidentally came in and joined the party. They partook of a pleasant dinner, and when Mr. Garrick called for tea, Sir Robert arose to depart, but did not retreat far, when from a motive of curiosity, he stopped behind a screen which stood between the table and the door. Foote, supposing him to be gone, began to *play off* his departed guest. In the height of his merriment, Sir Robert, bolting from behind the screen, cried out—"I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost as you have amused them at mine." A remonstrance of this sort was an electric shock, that could not be parried. No wit could furnish an evasion, no explanation could suffice for an excuse. The offended gentleman was full as angry as a brave man ought to be with an unfortunate wit, who possessed very little of that quality, which he abounded in.

POETRY.

AN ENIGMA.

If it be true, as some folks say,
"Honor depends on pedigree;"
Then stand by—clear the way
Ye sons of heroes, fam'd of yore;
And you, the sons of old Glendower,
And let me have fair play.

And ye, who boast, from ages dark,
A pedigree from Noah's ark,
Painted on parchment nice;
I'm older still, for I was there,
As first of all I did appear
With Eve in Paradise.

And I was Adam, Adam I,
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind or weather:
But mark me—Adam was not I,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking—
With all my heart, but were they walking,
There ends all simile:
For though I've tongue, and often talk,
And legs too, yet whene'er I walk
That puts an end to me:—

Not such an end but that I've breath,
Therefore to such a kind of death
I make but small objection;
For soon again I come to view,
And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true
I die by Resurrection.

A FREEMASON'S EPITAPH NEAR BAGDAD.

TREAD softly here, or pause to breathe
A prayer for him who sleeps beneath,
Tho' savage hands in silence spread
The nameless sand that hides the dead;
Yet here, as wand'ring Arabs tell,
A guardian spirit loves to dwell!
'Tis said, such gentle spirits seek
The tears on widow'd Beauty's cheek,
And bring those precious drops to lave
The sainted Pilgrim's secret grave.

Tread softly! tho' the tempest blows
Unheeded o'er his deep repose,
Tho' now the sun's relentless ray
Has parch'd to dust this holy clay,

The spirit in this clay enshrin'd
 Once mounted swifter than the wind;
 Once look'd, O Sun! beyond thy sphere,
 Then dar'd to measure thy career,
 And rose above this earth as far
 As comets pass the meanest star.

Tread softly!—'midst this barren sand
 Lie relics of a bounteous hand!
 That hand, if living, would have prest
 Thee, wand'ring stranger, to his breast,
 And fill'd the cup of gladness here,
 Thy dark and dreary path to cheer;
 O spare this dust! it once was part
 Of one all-kind, all-bounteous heart!
 If yet with vital warmth it glow'd,
 On thee its bounty would have flow'd.

Tread softly! on this sacred mound
 The badge of brotherhood is found!
 Revere the signet! in his breast
 Its holiest virtue was confess'd;
 He only liv'd on earth to prove
 The fulness of a Brother's love.
 If in thy bosom dwells the sign
 Of Charity and Love divine,
 Give to this grave a duteous tear,
 Thy friend, thy brother slumbers here.

MASONIC ODE.

Was it a charm by Fancy wrought
 In fascinating guise?
 Was it, oh could it be, a thought
 The poet's heart should prize?
 "Friendship is but a name!" "A shade!" ah, no;
 It is a beauteous gem, design'd
 By Heav'n to grace and bless mankind,
 A balmy soother of our cares below.

We band of brothers feel its rays,
 And pay our tributary praise:
 Long may our Craft its influence prove
 In wisdom, beauty strength, and love.
 The Mason's rights invade no sacred code;
 His highest glory is, His trust in God.
 Charge, brothers, charge.—*In ev'ry clime*
May Masonry last, as long as Time.



MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Annual Communication of the GRAND LODGE OF KENTUCKY was held in Lexington, during the last week in August, 1821, and the following brethren were duly elected Grand Officers for the year ensuing:

M. W. John M'Kinney, Jun. of *Versailles*, Grand Master,
 R. W. David G. Cowan, of *Danville*, Dep. Grand Master,
 W. Asa K. Lewis, of *Clark County*, Grand Senior Warden,
 W. John Speed Smith, of *Richmond*, Grand Junior Warden,
 William T. Barry, of *Lexington*, Grand Orator,
 Caleb W. Cloud, of *do.* Grand Chaplain,
 Daniel Bradford, of *do.* Grand Secretary,
 Michael Fishel, of *do.* Grand Treasurer.
 David C. Irvine, of *Richmond*, Grand Senior Deacon,
 Robert Talliaferro, of *Paris*, Grand Junior Deacon,
 John H. Crane, of *Louisville*, Grand Marshall,
 Thomas Smith, of *Lexington*, Grand Sword Bearer,
 John D. Halstead, of *do.* Grand Pursuivant,
 Francis Walker, of *do.* Grand Steward & Tyler.

AT a meeting of WEBB ENCAMPMENT of Knights Templars and the appendant orders, held at Mason's Hall in Lexington on the 22d of August the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

M. E. Sir David Graham Cowan, of *Danville*, Grand Commander.
 E. " Isaac Thom, of *Louisville*, Generalissimo,
 E. " Thomas Nelson, of *Lexington*, Captain General,
 " William Gibbes Hunt, of *Lexington*, Prelate,
 " John H. Crane, of *Louisville*, Senior Warden,
 " Edward Tyler, Jr. of *Louisville*, Junior Warden,
 " James Graves, of *Lexington*, Treasurer,
 " James M. Pike, of *Lexington*, Recorder,
 " Harry I. Thornton, of *Frankfort*, Sword Bearer,
 " Anthony Dumesnil of *Lexington*, Standard Bearer,
 " John Trott, of *Louisville*, Warder,
 " Francis Walker, of *Lexington*, Guard,